On Account of confined Limits of the Parade Ground of the LOYAL ASSOCIATED CORPS OF VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, *it was found neceſſary to lock the Door, during the Time of Drill, to prevent the Crowd interfering with the Evolutions of the Corps,—This circumſtance has given riſe to the following Song.*

BLACKETT's FIELD:
A Song.

CUP 21
g.41/78

Tune, "*John Anderson my Joe.*"

NEAR Blackett's field, ſad hovering,
('Twas but the other day),
There ſung a melancholy wight
His pity-moving lay:—
How comes this alteration ſtrange?
What can the matter be,
That the brave Aſſociation lads
Are under Lock and Key?

Ah! lately on a Sunday,
To dine I hardly ſtaid,
But from my beef and pudding ran,
To attend the gay parade;
Now I may ſtay and pick my bones,
From anxious hurry free,
For the brave Aſſociation lads
Are under Lock and Key!

A dimpling ſmile ſtill grac'd my cheek
Brave DIXON when I ſaw;
'Twas worth a crown; to hear him, too,
Exclaiming, "Kiver awa'!"
But thus to feaſt my eyes and ears
No more my lot ſhall be,
For the brave Aſſociation lads
Are under Lock and Key!

To church now when the bells are heard,
With ſnail-like pace I creep;
And there, in manner moſt devout,
Compoſe myſelf to ſleep.
Thus cheerleſs paſs the lingering hours,
So lately fraught with glee,
Ere the brave Aſſociation lads
Were under Lock and Key!

For pity's ſake, then, RIDLEY,
Thy *turnkeys* ſtraight *diſcharge*,
And let thy Armed Patriots
Again be drill'd *at large*:
So ſhall my Sunday afternoons
In *gazing*, joyous flee,
When the brave Aſſociation lads
Ar'n't under Lock and Key!

Think—urg'd by curioſity
To climb the Spital Walls,
Should any of thy neighbours there,
Sad, break their necks by falls:
O! would not ſuch miſchances dire,
Be juſtly charged on thee,
Who keeps the Aſſociation lads
Thus under Lock and Key!

Imagine not, thy warriors brave,
To glory who aſpire,
While thus *confin'd* in Blackett's field,
Their ſtation much admire!
Ah! no: in *Heaton cellars* they
Would rather chuſe to be,
Moſt jovial, *carrying on the war*,
All under Lock and Key!

Whilſt war's horrific clangours,
Reſound throughout the land,
Still may'ſt thou, gallant RIDLEY!
Thy townſmen brave command.
And, Oh! that with your martial toils,
Delighted I may be;
Ope wide the door of Blackett's field,
Then break the Lock and Key!

this was wrote by John Shield